



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

ARCH LIBRARIES



07583138 2

ALLADS OF THE
SUNLIT YEARS

ES LINDSAY GORDON

1. Poetry, American

NBI
Gordor

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

James Lindsay Gordon, author of "Ballads of the Sunlit Years," died at his residence, No. 15 West 17th, Street, New York City, while this volume was going through the press. He was born in Virginia January 9, 1860, and was educated at William and Mary College and the University of Virginia. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1881. He practised his profession in Charlottesville, Va., from that date to 1893, serving in the meantime for three years in Virginia state Senate, and declining a renomination. In 1893 he removed to New York City where he resided and practised law up to the date of his death. He served as Assistant District Attorney of the City of New York under District Attorneys Gardiner and Philbin, and at the time of his death was Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City.

He was distinguished for his eloquence as a political and forensic speaker; and delivered addresses, among many others before the Alumni Societies of the University of Virginia and William and Mary College, before the Southern Societies of Atlanta, Georgia, and the graduating classes of Randolph Macon College and the University of Vermont.

"Ballads of the Sunlit Years" include a number of his fugitive poems, selected and arranged by himself, many of which have never before been published.

The edition is limited to 990 copies.

BALLADS OF THE SUNLIT YEARS

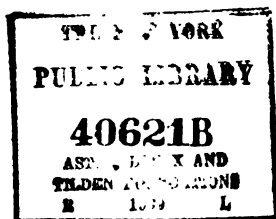


BALLADS
OF THE
SUNLIT YEARS

LSC BY
JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

NEW YORK
NORTH AMERICAN PRESS

1904
MRS



Copyright, 1904
By JAMES LINDSAY GORDON
New York

04 18 FEB 1971

Table of Contents.

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Dedication | |
| The Golden Spur | 11 |
| Beyond Arvallon | 14 |
| Suspense | 17 |
| The Building of the Fane | 19 |
| A Churchyard Memory | 22 |
| Wheeler at Santiago | 25 |
| With Sir Walter | 27 |
| Unveiled | 29 |
| Lorraine | 31 |
| Gone Seaward | 33 |
| A Ballad of the Prince | 35 |
| The Rose of Yesterday | 37 |
| Dream Gardens | 39 |
| The Woman Taken | 41 |
| A Ballad of Sweet Eyes | 42 |
| A True Love | 44 |
| Over an Old Letter | 46 |
| Predestination | 48 |
| A Virginia Sunset | 50 |
| Light o' Love | 52 |
| Her Coming | 53 |
| The Sea Kings | 55 |
| Recollections | 56 |
| A Ballad of Meeting | 59 |
| Departed | 61 |
| The Story of a Flower | 63 |

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| A Song in the Night | 65 |
| Longing | 66 |
| The Violin Player | 68 |
| Jim of Biloxi | 69 |
| A Toast | 70 |
| Gaudium Certaminis | 72 |
| For Music | 74 |
| In a Copy of "Arcade Echos" | 75 |
| Father Ryan | 76 |
| Old Love Dreams | 77 |
| The Tryst | 79 |
| On the Tenth Floor | 81 |
| Foreshadowings | 82 |
| At the Sunrise Watch | 83 |
| Within the Port | 84 |

TO ONE IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

I

*Where the rain of roses fell
In the waning of the year,
Like the chiming of a bell
Out of some far distant sphere*

*Came thy voice, O lost and dear!
Came the voice ineffable
All my heart was fain to hear.*

*Low and golden, slow and clear
As a spent wave's seaward swell,
So it fell upon my ear
Where the rain of roses fell.*

II

*"Where art thou and where are they?"
Breathed its whisper through thy tears,
"Songs of our diviner day,—
Ballads of the sunlit years?"*

*Songs that memory more endears
As the later skies grow grey,—
Spun of laughter, hopes and fears.*

*Still the listening spirit hears,
Sighing down life's darkened way,
Echoes out of sunlit years;
Where art thou and where are they?"*

III

*Sweet, they are fain of no feet but thine,
My flowers of song from the shadowed seas
On which thy life drifts away from mine,
And so, for answer, I send thee these.*

*All their petals are drenched with lees,—
Wet with dregs of life's wasted wine:
Sorrow sobs through their melodies.*

*Love them or spurn as thy mood may please,
Many gifts hast thou: here are mine:
Songs of the sunlit years, from seas
Whose tides still beat to no feet but thine.*
August, 1903.



The Golden Spur

AT last he was in my hand. His rein
He drew by the river's flow,
And there, with a joy that was fierce as pain,
I met my ancient foe.

I had seen him afar through the summer morn
Riding toward his fate:
And now in the place where our feud was born
I faced the man I hate.

I had sent my men, twoscore and ten,
Around on his rearward track,
So if he turned for the West again
I wist he would win not back.

And with thirty horses behind my own
And thirty swords outdrawn,
I faced my foe as he sat alone
On his horse in the summer morn.

He looked where the line of helmets shone
Just over the tumbling flood
On men who had made my hate their own
And who lusted for his blood.

He turned and looked where the sunshine spilt
Its gold on the fallow farms,
To where the crests of the hills were gilt
With the spears of my men-at-arms.

And he saw that at last he had found his fate,—
Had come to the destined hour,
When the bitter force of a deathless hate
Was backed by resistless power.

But not for a moment his eyelids fell,—
No tremor across him ran:
I hated him as the Fiend in hell
But I knew that I faced a man.

He leaned him down from his saddle bow
And loosened a golden spur:
And he cried: "Ye will have my life, I know,—
Yet take this sign to Her.

Thus much may a foeman grant his foe,
How strong though his hate may be:
And if ye are men, not dogs, I know
Ye will do thus much for me.

That when 'neath the sweep of your swords I fall,
Ye will ride on into the West
To where she sits in my castle hall,
With my baby at her breast.

Ye will tell her or ever my life blood ran
I sent her the golden spur;
And tell her I died as befits a man,
And my last thought was of her."

I felt the disk of mine eyes grow dim
And a strangling clutch at my heart,
And my voice rang over the flood to him,
"Thy life is thine own. Depart!"

He plunged his horse in the water's flow,
As one who rides to a feast,
And bending his plume to his saddle bow,
Swept past us into the East.

And now all the hate of the years comes back—
A passion that burns like pain;
And again I am eager upon his track,—
But shall I trap him again?

If just once more in my grasp he stand
He may speak what he list of her,
But I swear to God that within her hand
I will lay the golden spur.

Beyond Arvallon

SPRING—and a myriad birds awing and violets
breaking from out the mould,
Skies glittering fair through a sunsoft air in blended
glory of blue and gold,
And skies and sun mingling for one a weft of
memories manifold,

In a vanished year was it not here where the flower-
ing fields and the forest meet,
On a radiant day of a golden May to breathe whose
sunshine seemed so sweet,—
Was it not here, O dear and dear, that I laid a life's
love at your feet?

Here, in the spot your heart forgot where never
again your young feet came,
After the years that were stained with tears and
dark with sorrow and seared with shame,
I have come back on the olden track to pledge a
lost youth in your name.

Dear, in the wine of this spring sunshine I drink to
my youth and the love it knew;
I pledge a fate whose wearying weight in spite of
myself has kept me true,
From the chaliced cup of a flower held up to lips
that never broke faith with you.

Back in the night of the world whose light is the
blaze of jewels and gleam of gold,
Through the flare and flame of the place of shame,
the market where souls are bought and sold,
I have sought a face that would drive all trace out
of my heart of the face of old.

And the quest was vain; through years of pain,
through midnights and mornings dark and
drear,
One flowerlike face has kept its place, branded of
God on my heart, and dear
As a lone star's light in a shadowed night—the
face whose memory has brought me here.

What is the power that holds one hour of life un-
dying though others die?
I have seen the blaze of a thousand days fade from
the blue of a cloudless sky
And just one day of one sun-sweet May shines
crystal clear in my memory.

The day that lives through all life gives until life
drifts through the dreamless gate—
The deathless morn whose enchanted dawn breaks
on every life soon or late
Comes when the soul at earth's holiest goal meets
the soul that God made its mate.

Here where the gold of the suns of old floods its
glory on field and tree,
Through a dawn of May broke such a day as never
again mine eyes shall see,—
With its skies of blue and its joy for you and the
pain of a life's regret for me.

Suspense

(Written when General Gordon's fate was in doubt)

WHAT of the light out yonder—
Our star in the heathen gloom?
What of the great Commander
Who was sent to hold Khartoum?
Alone in the heart of a hostile land
Has England's hero son
Gone down with the old flag in his hand
Just as the fight was won?
Over the breadth of Christendom
The question rings and runs;
Ah, will the answer never come
Through the smoke of the silent guns?
Hushed into awe and pity
Men whisper from sea to sea:
"Nothing we care for the fallen city,
Its Commander—where is he?"
England, wake from the slumber
That has bowed thy head too long;
Let thy men go out without number,
Eager and swift and strong;
Over the wastes of desert sand
Let the waves of thy vengeance roll;
Go wrest from the Moslem's treacherous hand
Thy most heroic soul.

It may be thou wilt find him
Dead in the last redoubt,
With never a foe behind him
Where the flame of his life went out;
It may be in some close tower,
Or on some leaguered hill,
Waiting for rescue hour by hour,
Thy soldier is fighting still.

But whether he lies in death's embrace
In the city he tried to save,
With the flag of England over his face
And the trenches for his grave;
Or whether some day when the roses fall
And autumnal skies are dim,
With the roaring of guns and the trumpet's call
His people shall welcome him,—

Whatever his fate, one thing is sure,—
A light is in heaven to stay:
A light to fade from men's sight no more
Till the suns are passed away:
Holy and tender, pure and grand,
The star of his fame shall bloom—
The fame of the man in that far-off land
Who won and lost Khartoum!

The Building of the Fane

*(Read at the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet to
the Founders of the College of William and Mary,
October 22, 1901.)*

I.

THEY had brought it into the wilderness in the
unforgotten days

A spark of the fire that fell direct a gift from the
hand of God,

And here is the fane that was builded first to hold
its sacred rays

Till the glory gleamed upon darkened paths by
man's feet yet untrod.

It had lighted the way their fathers came over the
ocean's foam

Into the waste of an unknown world that the
sons should hold in fee;

It had pointed them through the darkness to the
gates of Heaven and Home:

So they made a shrine for its light to shine that
whoso would might see.

II.

Yea, to cherish forever the fire from Heaven this
fostering fane was built

That its rays might show through the centuries
where Freedom's well-springs lay;

To nurse the hope for which the blood of the
Martyrs of God was spilt
In the light that shineth more and more unto the
perfect day;
And whoso came to its portal and looked on the
shining saw
The hope of the world grow stronger in the years
that were yet to be,—
In the rise of Men, in the fall of Kings, in the
triumph of Truth and Law,
Till the promise of God should be fulfilled and
the peoples of earth be free.

III.

Brighter the light has glimmered, further has fared
the flame,
Stronger the music has sounded of the fathers
who builded here
A temple whence should be borne a word, as the
crowding centuries came,
By the sons ordained to speak the word that men
most longed to hear;
And forth of this fane there issued a message which
hath sufficed
To lift the hope of the nations and lighten the
load they bore,—

Reiteration of the promise that fell from the lips of
Christ,
Of what should be when His Kingdom comes and
the bond are free once more.

IV.

Who were the men that builded? Their names
have not flashed afar
Unto the uttermost ends of earth to be honored
and sung alway;
Not theirs the garlands of glory plucked under the
battle-star,—
Yet the work they wrought shall not perish, their
cause shall not pass away;
For the seed here sown shall have fruitage in the
kingdoms of earth until
One great Republic rises from the ruin of crown
and throne;
And as long as the heart of Freedom holds a single
drop to spill,
The stone that the builders lifted here shall never
be overthrown.

A Churchyard Memory

IN the old summer, love, long past and over,
We walked into this churchyard, you and I,
Through the soft sunshine and the blossoming
 clover,

 Above our heads a blue and cloudless sky;
We paused within the dead men's marble city,
 Where tombs gleam white and long green grasses
 wave,

And here you laid a flower, in heavenly pity,
 Over a new-made grave.

A little child's grave, with sod newly broken,
 Looked up to us in this most piteous place:
And though no word between us here was spoken,
 I knew the heart thought written on your face;
You took the blossoms, tenderly and slowly,
 Out of your bosom where they lay at rest,
And placed them, with a kiss serene and holy,
 Above the baby's breast.

And then you turned to me with eyes far sweeter
 Than ever yet my eyes had seen them shine,
And with your pure soul sadder but completer
 You laid your flower-soft hand, dear love, in
 mine;

And thus we left the quiet spot together,—
Each young heart touched with love's divinest
pain,
And passed through July sunshine and soft weather
Into the world again.

I did not know what sad-eyed, anguished weeper
Had dropped hot tears above her darling dead;
I knew not what they named the little sleeper
Who lay at peace in that deserted bed;
But this my soul knew well, that in the hour
You laid those flowers above him long ago,
I loved you with the purest, tenderest power
A human heart can know.

And so the knowledge that your hands had laid
them
In this sad place so reverently down,
Gave to those flowers the meaning that has made
them
To me the emblems of love, sorrow-crowned;
And since we parted in the summer's splendor
The purest thoughts my fancy ever weaves
Are fraught with odours, passionate and tender,
Of dead geranium leaves.

Sometimes when the bright skies we loved are
golden
With the last glories of the dying day,

My weary feet again come down the olden
Place to this spot where once your blossoms lay;
And then, O love, with bitter grief unspoken
Comes back the longing for my youth's lost hours,
As where I stand, with all life's purpose broken,
The grave is crowned with flowers.

But I believe in some divine to-morrow
We yet shall walk together, hand in hand,
Our eyes alight with joy and void of sorrow,
Through the green gardens of the Golden Land:
And something tells me that perchance it may be,
When once our feet have pressed that emerald
sod,
Our loving eyes may find the unknown baby
Safe in the arms of God!

Wheeler at Santiago

INTO the thick of the fight he went, pallid and
sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp
of a man;
But the fearless soul of a warrior, approved in the
long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance and the body
of "Fighting Joe."

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten
of Spanish shells:
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the
Alabama dells.
"Put them into this ambulance—I'll ride to the
front," he said;
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on—
that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up
the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed
with sudden tears,
As with flashing eye and gleaming sword and hair
and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old
"Fighting Joe."

Worn with fever and racked with pain he could not
stay away,
For he heard the song of the yesteryears in the
deep-mouthed cannon's bay:
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was
work for him to do
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed
'round the old Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! Your country's
heart to you
Beats out in love and gratitude and to each brave
boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell and
cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the thick of the fight rode
little old "Fighting Joe."

With Sir Walter

WITH book and scrip and staff in hand,
A pilgrim hurried fast
Across the shadowy borderland
That parts us from the past.

I go into a fairer land,
(Said he) than here we know.
A country with a magic strand
Left to me long ago.

Great castles stand upon its hills
With banners floating free;
The wild deer roams beside its rills
Under the greenwood tree.

Across its verdant valleys shine
The bright suns of romance.
Its nights are gay with wassail-wine,
Its days with joust and dance.

Fair faces gleam like jewels there
Changeless throughout the years,
On mailed cavaliers who bear
Love tokens on their spears.

Far off I see the tourney gleam,
I hear the trumpets call:
I see the struggling pennons stream
Along the leaguered wall.

I hear the love songs chiming clear
Beneath the donjon keep;
I catch the glint of helm and spear,
As ever on they sweep—

Brave cavalcades of chivalry—
Across the land I know,—
The land Sir Walter gave to me
And all who care to go.

Unveiled

PEAL out, clear bells, from tower and steeple,
To-day the triumph of a people
Who raise for future ages' ken
Under this sapphire arch of beauty
The image of incarnate duty
Supreme among the sons of men.

With roll of drums and flash of banners,
Up from the Southland's bright savannahs,
Down from her mountains blue and old,—
From hill and plain and field and river
That shrine his memory forever
We come to lift the Heart of Gold.

Long since our sorrow passed as passes
The shadow from the waving grasses:
Sealed are the fountains of our tears;
Upon the midnight of our sorrow
Broke long ago a brighter morrow
Whose promise gilds the future years.

But a whole people's deep affection
Clings with all tenderest recollection
Round the great leader, firm and true,
Whose faith through darkness never tired,
Gentle as Sidney, brave as Bayard,
Pure as man ever knew.

Not nursing the old bitter passion,
Not gathering in the old stern fashion,
Not mourning for a Nation's fall,—
But that he typed our motive clearest,
But that he was our best and dearest,
But that in him was centred all

Most noble in the aims we cherished
Most holy in the hopes that perished,
We set this sign of him on high,
And voice a challenge to the nations
To point from all time's generations
One worthier immortality.

Others will keep throughout the ages
Brave names blood-written on the pages
That tell how fame is lost and won;
But splendent through our Southern story,
Love-bound and set about with glory—
Mid shining stars a blazing sun,—

. One name as long as stars shall thicken
In heaven,—as long as seasons quicken,
Or rivers set toward the sea,
Will symbol to the South forever
Supremest faith and high endeavor,
And that one name is Lee.

Lorraine

BONNY LORRAINE, have you forgot

The time we walked o'er the morning lea?
I still keep the blue forget-me-not

That you took from your hair and gave to me.
Would you like to walk those ways again

With me at your side in the morning time?

Do you ever think of your youth's sweet prime,
And your young boy-lover, Bonny Lorraine?

Ah, well I remember the time we stood

By the glancing river when day was done,
And the whispering trees in the dim old wood

Turned crimson and gold in the setting sun:
When your heart and your lips and your arms were
fain

To cling to me there as your life's one love—

While the stars came out in the skies above,—
Do you remember it, Bonny Lorraine?

Surely your heart could not forget

The night when I bade you a last farewell;

Your long, dark lashes with tears were wet,
And your anguish more than your lips could tell;

How you kissed me there as I stood in the rain,

And held me fast while you bade me go,—

With your desolate, golden head bowed low;
I know you remember, Bonny Lorraine.


Across the street where the music swells
You glide through the throng in the shadowy
dance.

In your ears the sound of your marriage bells—
In your heart the dream of the old romance;
I see you glimmer across the pane—
The jewels ablaze in your shining hair,—
And the form of another beside you there,
But I do not envy him now, Lorraine.

Let him bow down low at your royal feet,—
Let him sing love's song if it brings him joy;
I sang it once and I found it sweet
In the days when you charmed me—a foolish boy;
But I never shall waken the old refrain,
Its beautiful music is almost hushed:
My heart was bruised but it was not crushed,
And it loves you no longer, Bonny Lorraine.

Dance on while the music throbs and beats:
Drink memory to death in your wedding wine;
He knows not your life whose quick glance meets
The false, sweet light in your eyes divine.
I can look on you now with no more pain,—
On your fair proud face, in your splendid eyes,—
Then looking up to yon starlit skies
Thank God that I lost you, Bonny Lorraine.

Gone Seaward

 H. G. D.

IF to carry beyond us a soul undaunted, if to leave
among us who saw him go
A name that is brighter because he bore it,—in-
wrought with honor as white as snow—
If these are worthy the Hope Eternal, then hope
must follow his flight I know.

If to stretch a hand to the hands that needed, if to
soften the path unto weary feet,—
If fair deeds done in life's silent places, because such
deeds to his heart were sweet,—
If these make light on the shadowed waters he has
gone where a thousand splendors meet.

On the shadowed waters whence comes no answer
to the broken questions we ask in vain;
On the sea whose tides ebb out forever and beat not
back to our feet again
Has the bright life passed that to those who loved
him only in passing had given pain.

But across those waters no darkness gathers over
the way that thy soul hath fled
So deep that my love may not follow after when the
dirge is done and the prayers are said,—
Follow and cling and abide forever until I, too,
follow, O dear and dead.

And I lift my face to the far-off heaven from these
old fields where our feet once trod
Life's ways together in days long over, with sandals
of hope and of courage shod,
And pray that the paths that are here divergent may
blend in the fields of the peace of God.

A Ballad of the Prince

(To A. C. Swinburne.)

THOU who through our harsh, unlovely years
Sendeth a wild strain of music yet—
Thou who weavest out of smiles and tears
Melodies men never may forget;
Voice of England's rapture and regret
Ringing golden through an ashen time,—
Fame upon thy brow the sign hath set;
"Prince of all the radiant realm of rhyme."

Freedom falters, worn with doubts and fears,
Wearied with the burden and the fret;
Still thy song can staunch her falling tears,—
Soothe her agony and bloody sweat;
She, too, crowns thee with a coronet
Leafed with laurel from her sunniest clime,—
Hails thee with glad eyes and lashes wet,
Prince of all the radiant realm of rhyme.

To the dusk of death have passed thy peers,
To the shadowy shore whereon are met
Shapes and splendors from the vanisht years
Past our praise or prayers or regret;
One last light is glimmering on us yet
From the supreme heights of song sublime,—
Thine the shining star that hath not set,
Prince of all the radiant realm of rhyme.

Envoi.

Poet, thy hands yet hold the amulet
That made thee from the sweet and sacred time
When love and music by thy cradle met,
Prince of all the radiant realm of rhyme.

The Rose of Yesterday

*"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?"*

OMAR KHAYYAM.

HE sang it while its petals still
By morning dews were pearled,
In perfect numbers, set to thrill
The springtime of the world.
The roses of seven hundred years
Have flamed and passed away
Since Omar steeped in golden tears
The Rose of Yesterday.

And since a master hand awoke
That deathless chord of pain,—
That sweetest song that ever spoke
Of what comes not again,
The magic of the music yet
Can move a world, grown gray
With countless sorrows, to regret
The Rose of Yesterday.

It is the flower whose scented flame
No after years can bring:
It is the bloom that blends one name
With life's most golden spring;

It died ere blight of change could chill
The bosom where it lay,
And there in dreams it flowers still,—
The Rose of Yesterday.

For me, beneath these western skies,
For thee, at Naishapur,
It held life's tenderest memories
Because it flowered for Her!
So Omar still for thee and me,
In the same deathless way,
May blossom through Eternity,
The Rose of Yesterday.

Dream Gardens

SHE said she would build her House of Dreams
 where the autumn fields begin
To stretch away from these singing seas if her ship
 should ever come in:—
She would plant 'neath its sapphire towers agleam
 in the radiant air
A red rose Garden for loving and a white rose
 Garden for prayer.

And the house would be so sacred she would call
 it the House of Peace:
For the music that faith alone can make in its
 chambers should not cease,
And the sweetest winds would blow through them
 fraught with the fragrance rare
Of a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose
 Garden for prayer.

Here in the waste of the world that house our
 hearts can never win,
But over the tides that never saw a returning sail
 drift in,—
Dear Girl, have you found the House of Peace and
 the roses blooming there
In a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose
 Garden for prayer?

I never may reach the mystic shore where your
 radiant palace gleams,
But many a night by the moonlit seas I have pic-
 tured in my dreams
How gently a Heavenly Bridegroom's hands are
 laid on the golden hair
Where a red rose Garden for loving fades to a
 white rose Garden for prayer.

The Woman Taken

Hold your phylacteries back, lest she should touch
them;

Turn from her one by one;
Hold back your hands, too, lest her clasp should
smutch them—

Forgiveness is there none.

Never again with you in life's high places
May she dare stand who for one moment fell:
Let nothing save the scorn on bitter faces
Shadow her way to hell.

Ah, yet long since no high priest but the Master
Bent down above another whom your band
Found whelmed and wrecked in life's supreme
disaster
And traced upon the sand

Some unknown words beside that silent shore,
Then raised the fallen, brushed her tears aside:
Soothed and forgave her—bade her sin no more,—
And Him ye crucified.

A Ballad of Sweet Eyes

LIKE the lights that shine out of heaven
When the sun-god's car does down,
Like the gleaming of meteors driven
Through the arch of the midnight's crown;
Like the lights in a wild flower's chalice
When the June sun sets them free,
Are the lights in the eyes of Alice
That gleam through the dusk on me.

Like the bloom of a pansy lifted
Where never a foot goes by;
Like the color where clouds are rifted
That shows in a violet sky;
Like the blue where the ebb-tide rallies
The spent waves back to the sea
Is the bloom in the eyes of Alice
That gleam through the dusk on me.

Like pearls from the deeps of the ocean,
Like the flash of the lights that shine
On the wings of a bird in motion,
Like the glimmer of stars through wine:
Like the rain drops on morning valleys,
Or the dew on a twilight lea,
Are the tears in the eyes of Alice
That gleam through the dusk on me.

Envoi.

Poets, in hovel or palace,
I think that no eyes there be
As sweet as the eyes of Alice
That gleam through the dusk on me.

A True Love

I HAVE come back to my first love, to my constant love, the sea;
To the beautiful face and the ceaseless voice of music and mystery
From the weary wastes of the inland ways, from the homes and haunts of pain
I have brought a tired life back to lay it down on her shrine again.

The dust of the years is over my heart, the snows of the years in my hair,
But a flutter of youth thrills through my veins to behold and find her fair;
To watch the sparkle and gleam of her face, to hear her voice divine,
And drink the balm of her breath that thrills the pulse of my heart like wine.

What if the years have been bitter and the milestones marked with shame—
Have they not brought me back to her, and is she not still the same,—
The one unchanging, steadfast, stainless love of my younger day
Whose perfect voice never breathed a hope a faithless heart could betray?

O, my truest love, my constant love, when the
burden of life is done,
Into thine arms let me sink to sleep as sinks the
westering sun,
Lulled at last to rest by a voice that never has
lied to me,—
In death as in life thy lover, my heart to thy
heart, O Sea!

Over An Old Letter

*"There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odour as of love and of love's doom."*

RELICS.

I LIFT it from the place where it has hidden
Out of the light away these many years;
I read her letter o'er and tears unbidden
Spring into eyes that long have known no tears;
Old dreams come to me, long forgotten fancies
Of days when youth had love and hope to friend,
As reading o'er the best of life's romances,
I find "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the open door a bird is singing
His first sweet song unto the morning sky:
Inside, deep in a man's heart thoughts are springing
That have lain sleeping since his youth went by;
The bird's wild song is from his throat outpealing,
As though the song his very throat would
rend,—

No song can tell the memories o'er me stealing
At reading those three words there at the end.

"Your Little Sweetheart!" All the sweet, sad
story

With fond remembrance to my being cries:
There comes a face with hair in amber glory
Tangled across the gleam of sunny eyes:

Through time's dim halls a song rings low and
tender,

In whose clear strain two loving voices blend:
Ah, how they bring back youth's enthralling
splendor—

Those words, "Your Little Sweetheart," at the
end.

Through the open door I turn my face to seaward,
Where morning winds across the waters blow:

The singing bird is flying far to leeward,
Just as hope left me in the long ago—

A hope that once has gone can come back never:
The chain is broken that no hand can mend:

Her hand will rest in mine no more forever
That wrote "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

I lay aside the time-stained yellow letter,

My Little Sweetheart, my last link to thee:
Whether it all were for the worse or better,

May God be with thee whereso'er thou be:
And howsoever much my feet may falter

May thy path lead where radiant roses bend,—
For thou wilt be what only death can alter—

My Little Sweetheart to the bitter end.

Predestination

NOW this is the fate of man since Eve had words
of old with the Snake,
That some of us fall asleep in sin in eternal pain
to awake;
So we scourge each other with rods of fear for the
things our fathers knew;
But if man so punish his brother man now what
will the Lord God do?

Lo, thou art ruined and doomed and damned from
thy bitter hour of birth
By the pallid souls and scorpion tongues that
people hell upon earth;—
Doomed and damned for the scarlet sins of a thou-
sand years ago!
But if man know his brother's finish thus, now
what does the Lord God know?

There are span-long babes that scorch in hell be-
cause Eve fooled with the Snake!
And the blistered souls of a million years still
writhe in the Burning Lake;
And the Devil grins through the endless ages over
the yelling crew!
O, if man thus torture his brother man, now what
will the Lord God do?

If one might lift to the heights of heaven a cry
that was not in vain
Why the woman's hour with the Snake had doomed
her children to deathless pain,
And the lips Divine should answer the question
cried from the lips of clay,
Now what would a God most Just and Merciful—
what would the Lord God say?

A Virginia Sunset

OUT from the clouds that enfold and hide the
olden

Crests of the hills in the silence of the west,
Lightening the valleys strikes one long and golden
Ray from the sun-god as he sinks to rest.

Straight through the pathway of cloud the ray has
rifted,

Through the dense shadows that shroud the
dying day,
Comes a wind that blows until all the clouds are
lifted

And the azure opens and the shadows flee away.

Pure and serene in the stainless fields of heaven

Over the splendor of the sunset and far
Westward in the skies whence the heavy clouds are
driven

Glitters the radiance of the vesper star.

From the last kiss of the sun upon the mountains,
From the far spaces where the wings of Night
unfurl

Stream up the skies like the gleam of many foun-
tains

Sprayings of jasper and amethyst and pearl

Until far up they blend into one golden
Sea, past whose waters if a man once trod,
He should see surely splendors but beholden
Only in the City of the Saints of God.

Light o' Love

FROM out a sad life as you went,
So soft your footsteps fell,
No bitter pang of parting lent
Its pain to our farewell.

Lightly as laughter leaves the lips,
Or blood a wound that bleeds;
Noiselessly as a snake that slips
Away into the weeds

You passed, but left me not bereft;
For, Sweet, I do not wait
Hopeless, as one whose house is left
Unto him desolate.

Heart-fires went with you which for me,
Before their flame grew cold,
Made discord sound like melody
And merest clay seem gold.

Let us forgive, let us forget,
As the swift seasons roll;
Just in my flesh your white fangs met,
You did not scar my soul.

Her Coming

LIFT up your hair a moment, love, let me catch
 breath and see
If the world that I remember is the world it used
 to be;
Is this indeed the same sad earth it seemed an
 hour ago
Before my lips had pressed their joy on lips that
 answer so?
And am I he who felt this moonlight scorch his life
 till you
Sank in the arms that hold you while a hundred
 hopes came true?

A little hour ago my heart was numb with grief
 and pain:
Each red rose was a blood drop of some hope that
 time had slain;
This moonlight seemed a ghastly shroud wrapping
 my buried years
Each dew-enfolden lily was a memory bathed in
 tears;
Like funeral lamps that flicker the far stars'
 spectral flame
Shone down a shrouded heaven—and then, O love,
 you came.

And now the world is golden as the asters at our
feet,
And the moonlight is a magic sea whose tides are
pure and sweet;
The roses are flower-angels and the lilies pure as
they—
And stars flame from a stainless sky whose clouds
have passed away.
A change I never dreamed would come is over
earth and sea
Since God has lit the world with love, my love,
for you and me.

The Sea Kings

SINCE the Golden Hind went 'round the Horn
and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the ocean tides have beat or the winds
of heaven have blown;
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas by
storms into spindrift whirled
The sons of the men who sailed with Drake have
ruled the water-world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe or
out of the Golden Gate
They are brethren ever linked heart to heart by
the chain of resistless fate;
And the quenchless ardor to rule the seas which
time can never slake
Makes the same blood race through Dewey's veins
that throbbed from the heart of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar down into Manila
Bay
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought and strug-
gled and won his way;
And wherever the tides of God may beat and the
winds of God may blow
It will be tomorrow as it is today and it was in
the Long Ago.

Recollections

I.

REMEMBERING her 'neath earlier skies
With April winds astir
Existence gains a fairer guise
Remembering her.

In golden noons of days that were
I hear her voice's melodies
Blending with flute and dulcimer.

Closed are the long-lashed violet eyes
Asleep this many a year;
Known only of the tears that rise
Remembering her.

II.

The way was sweet whereon she trod
Where glad and sad things meet;
Though sorrow was her staff and rod
The way was sweet.

Her flower of faith bloomed so complete
She hardly felt upon earth's sod
The thorns that pierced her feet.

Through all her young life's period,
In light and dark, in field and street,
With fragrance of her faith in God
The way was sweet.

III.

I may not say what skies have bent
Above her newer day,—
If peace is on the way she went
I may not say.

Nor lips that sob nor lips that pray,
When prayers and tears are spent,
Have told us of that way;

But blent with her was a content
Gone since she went away;
What sweeter sacred things were blent
I may not say.

IV.

Remembering her in that dead time,
The wings of sorrow stir
My heart to weave this simple rhyme,
Remembering her.

The pureness of the things that were
Used vinelike round her life to climb
My verse cannot aver:

But all the bells of memory chime
And in their strain I hear
The music of life's golden prime
Remembering her.

A Ballad of Meeting

OUT of the sunlit years, Christine,
 Into a new day grey and cold.
You come my boyhood's discrowned queen,
 With your lips yet red and your hair yet gold;
 With the same sweet charm in each clinging fold
Of your silken garment's changing sheen;
 But my pulse stirs not for my heart's grown old
And the grey of the world is over the green.

You bring old dreams to my brain, Christine,
 Dreams half forgotten and hopes half told;
Dreams that would waken your smiles, I ween,
 Hopes that the late years do not hold;
 They were born when we walked ere the suns
 grew cold
Through the sunlit years with faith between,
 But they died long since and I am grown old
And the grey of the world is over the green.

What do you want in my life, Christine,
 Now that so many sad years have rolled
Over our lives since you walked serene
 To the market where lives are bought and sold
 And bartered the worth of a woman's soul
For the gilded ashes of things unclean?
 Ah well, farewell: my heart has grown old
And the grey of the world is over the green.

Envoi.

O, the lips may be red and the hair be gold
And the charm of the body remain, Christine,
But they hold no heart when they lose the soul
And the grey of the world is over the green.

Departed

*Beatrice is gone up into high heaven
The kingdom where the Angels are at peace.*

DANTE.

CLOSE down the coffin lid and come away,
We cannot help her any more: for now,
Albeit, there lies the beautiful cold clay,
The sweet sad mouth, the peaceful pallid brow,
She is not there, but far beyond all traces
Of thought or speech silently she has gone—
With raptured eyes that look on happier faces
Rising like stars on death's eternal morn.

Yet with the semblance of her lying there,
The old, faint smile still lingering on the lips;
The old, faint fragrance in the silken hair
Whose golden gleam death's blight could not
eclipse —
We cannot realize she has departed
Unto a land where pain and sorrows cease,
Up to the fair fields of the happy-hearted—
The kingdom where the Angels are at peace.

White as the soul that loved their stainless bloom,
The Lenten lilies wither on her breast,
Dying in silence: and their faint perfume—
Souls of dead flowers—ascends in fragrant quest

Of their sweet sister spirit; but O, never
Will her hands hold them to her heart again,
Who passed tonight beyond the shadowy river
From all earth's flowers and from all earth's pain.

Ah close the lid: it is too late for prayers,
Not all our tears can blind the bitter truth;
God's hand hath taken almost unawares
The last lily in the waste fields of our youth.
But if the immortal spirit finds His bosom
A refuge where all griefs and weeping cease,
We know tonight that there is one more blossom
In the kingdom where the Angels are at peace.

The Story of a Flower

I WAS a flower of the field **that grew**
In the flush of a summer time long gone by,
Under soft skies of a **turquoise blue**,
In the midst of a field of waving rye.

I was plucked by fingers slender and white
Just at the close of my sunniest day;
And all through the hours of one summer night
In the silken hair of a girl I lay.

I remember the sound of viol, and horn,
I remember bright lights and a crowded room,
And how in the roseate flush of morn
A man's lips brushed my bloom.

And then I was lifted from out of my place
In the twilight of morning cool and dim,—
One moment held to a pale, sweet face,
And kissed and given at last to him.

And he owns me now and he loves me yet;
Often and over he has told me so;
But ever I long with a soft regret
For the blue of the skies that I used to know.

Withered and old, with my fragrance fled,
A ghost am I from a summer land
Where all the flowers of my day are dead,
And yet I wish I could understand

What it means when one talks of a life's despair?
Why over my ashes the tears should flow?
And where is that girl with the silken hair
Who kissed me one summer night long ago?

A Song in the Night

WHERE have you been, Hermione,
Through the long, long lapse of the years,—
Over what dim, mysterious sea
Into what radiant spheres?

What have the sweet hands found to do—
On whom have the pure eyes shone,—
Since we looked on the white, still face of you
And knew that the soul had flown?

Last night, as I watched your fountain fling
Its tears in the moonlit air,
A note from a song you used to sing
Drifted down from somewhere.

It was sung by your voice, Hermione,
My heart knew the bell-like strain
That chimed through the silent night to me
A blending of love and pain.

And it told my spirit that after all
Your soul has not wandered far:
And it sorrows still for the tears that fall
In the shadows of this our star.

It was memory's message, Hermione,
In the tenderest song we knew;
O, when will you sing again to me,
And how may I answer you?

Longing

I SIT and dream o'er a city street
Choked with the drifted snow;
And it's O, to be by a riverside
In a country that I know!
It's O, to walk in the winding ways
Where the grass is green on the sod—
To see just a little less of men,
Just a little more of God!

I remember a forest far away
Whose aisles are cool and dim;
And there His voice has spoken to me
And my soul has answered Him;
In the scent of flowers, in the song of birds,
In the whispering south wind's breath,
He has spoken to me of life's mystery
And the secrets of birth and death.

But the voice that reaches the spirit's ear
Through the winds and flowers of the fields
Is lost in this endless rush of men,
This ceaseless clamor of wheels:
And the soul grows sick with doubts and fears,
And the heart grows numb with pain,
As we wonder if ever the olden faith
Can lighten our lives again.

It's O, for the music of lark and thrush
And the wandering waters flow,—
It's O, for the shaded summer lanes
Where the sweet, shy violets grow!
My heart is yearning to find again
The ways that my boyhood trod;
To know just a little less of men,
And a little more of God.

The Violin Player

FROM the heart of a golden violin
That was fashioned in olden years
Come strains of divinest melody,
Jewelled with smiles and tears;
The lilting of lutes hushed long ago
In the fair Italian lands
On the silence breaks as the violin wakes
To the touch of a master's hands.

We hear the fluting of forest birds
In the wildwood dusk and dim;
And the choiring of the morning stars
And the young-eyed Cherubim!
We hear the waters of far-off seas
Wash over their silver sands,
As the mellow violin sobs and sings
To the touch of a master's hands.

Out of this woven web of sound
Grow clear within sight and reach
Glad aspirations and gladder dreams
That never before found speech;
And life seems sweeter and faith completer--
Wide open Love's portal stands,
And we walk therethrough while the violin sings
To the touch of a master's hands.

Jim of Biloxi

"JIM —, of Biloxi." That is all.
It is graven into the granite wall
Where the monument rises fair
Into the soft Virginian air
Among a hundred comrades' names,—
Their country's heritage,—and Fame's.

Jim —, of Biloxi. Nothing more.
Naught of his name or his fame is sure,
Save that down where the river ran
And the regiments struggled man to man,
An humble son of the fighting South
Gave his life at the musket's mouth.

Perchance where the Sunflower River flows
By forests of jessamine and rose,—
Or where the Gulf Stream washes far
Its tides of blue to the vesper star,
Some one waited with prayers and tears
For Jim —, of Biloxi, these many years.

Life and Name and Cause all lost;
Least and last of the mightiest host
That ever wrote in the blood of men
A dream that will never be dreamed again,—
Gone like the strain that the bugles blew,
Jim —, of Biloxi, heaven shelter you!

A Toast

"HERE'S to our first love's eyes!" The feast
Grows strangely calm and still;
The jest on laughing lips has ceased,
The riot hushed, until
Over the wild, wine-sated throng
A deathlike silence lies;
What was it hushed the ribald song?
"Here's to our first love's eyes!"

Out of the mists of many years
Around this board they gleam,—
Lightened with laughter, dim with tears,
Seen through a waking dream;
Black as the raven's glancing wing,
Blue as the April skies,—
Through silken lashes glistening—
Here's to our first love's eyes!

Ah, though they closed upon our view
To nevermore uncloze,
What after-seasons ever knew
Eyes that were sweet as those?
And though they cause worn hearts to throb
And make vain memories rise,
Choke back the bitter pain and sob;—
Here's to our first love's eyes.

Around this board the beards are gray
The hearts and passions cold:
And eyes have shone and passed away
And love's been bought and sold
Along the ways our feet have trod,
Yet boyhood's faith still cries
To those on earth, to those with God,
"Here's to our first love's eyes!"

Gaudium Certaminis

(Japan Speaks)

THE time has come. We are going into the battle:

Hark to the caissons rumbling through the dawn,
And far on the Corean hills the muskets rattle,
And the sound of the feet of the horses rushing on;
It has come at last—the time for which we waited
That shall make amends for all the protesting
years,
And the hunger of hate and the fury of fight be sated
In a tempest of fire and tears.

Sound of sabres on skulls that crunch and quiver,—
Thud of bullets on breasts that stagger and reel:
Torrents of blood that splash in a crimson river
Through crash of cannon and clash of shivering
steel;
Struggling horses and dying men with faces
Black with the dust of battle and blind with
fight,—
And locked in one of Time's Titanic embraces—
The Jap and the Muscovite.

It will be worth the years that have gone o'er us
(The years through which we have made protest
in vain)

To listen at last to the cannon's thundering chorus
And bathe to the lips in the wash of the scarlet
rain,—
With thousands dropping to death like slaughtered
cattle,
Of mine and of thine—of the Jap and the Musco-
vite;
Let us alone—we are going into the battle—
And God defend the right.
Feb. 13, 1904.

For Music

LAST night I wandered in dreamland
In the starlighted dusk and the dew:
And I met where the starshine lay whitest
O'er the valleys a vision of you:
Your cold hands were laden with lilies,
On your breast there were roses and rue:
And your eyes were adroop with a sorrow unspoken,
For the dreams that never come true.

Up rose the white moon in the heaven,
In the heaven of the dear times we knew:
And a mocking-bird sang through the silence
A music that thrilled my heart through:—
But your voice did not echo his singing,—
There seemed but one thing you could do:
'Twas to drop from your lashes your tears on the
lilies
For the dreams that never come true.

O, the lilies of dreamland, Beloved,
With your tears on their petals like dew,
Are the flowers whose fragrance forever
Must sweeten all paths I pursue:
Dream lilies, dream tears and dream music
Are all that are left me of you,—
Are all that are left of the sweetest and saddest
Of the dreams that never come true.

In a Copy of "Arcade Echoes"

(To T. L. W.)

WITH life's first laurels in his eager hands
Down the dim slope of death he went
away,—

Lingering not here disconsolate, as they
Who wait and watch the ebbing of the sands
Of time, he suddenly broke the bitter bands
That bind the soul within its coil of clay,
And, with no single hope or faith grown gray
Passed, blithe and young, into the Golden Lands.

Hope dies, love withers, memory fails and fades:
But through the long years' ceaseless ebb and
flow

These faint, far echoes from the old Arcades,
Blown through the reeds of boyhood long ago,
In sunlit hours in twilight's quiet shades
Will speak to us of one we used to know.

Father Ryan

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber facing the sunrising. And the name of the chamber was Peace."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

FOLLOWING the Conquered Banner to its doom
He so loved and sang, it has lain down,
Wearing a wreath of bay-leaves for a crown,
Green everlasting, fragrant with perfume.
In death's enshadowed but all-peaceful room,
In the South's love like a white vesture wound,
He sleeps with airs of April sighing 'round
And Easter lilies breaking into bloom.

Poet! Priest! Voice of the South, whose song
Was music with love thrilling through the bars,
Beyond the sunrise where no discord mars
Thy singing, bear our love for thee as strong
As thine for the lost banner mourned so long
With faith as steadfast as its shining stars.

Old Love Dreams

I.

WHITE of the hawthorn, green of the budding tree,

Soft on the air the sorrow of the spring;
Glamor of sunlit waters murmuring
Ineffable melodies of the morning sea;
Perfume of violets over lawn and lea
Poignant with memory; golden throats that sing
High up in heaven the golden notes that bring
The ghosts of my old love dreams back to me.
Shadows and shapes of hopes yet unfulfilled,—
Midnights and morns through whose long hours
were spilled
The dreams that make divine the years of youth,—
Wherein all pure and passionate fancies stir
Ever about the imagined body of her
Whose face is beauty and whose soul is truth.

II.

They were not of the dreams that can come true:
Illusions of impossible hope whose goal
No human heart hath reached; beyond control
Of time and fate. Beneath the vaulted blue
Of no sweet heaven whose sun and rain and dew
Have washed and filled the earth from pole to
pole.

Was perfect bodily beauty, perfect soul
Blent in one woman that man ever knew.
Yet while the ceaseless years of time shall stream
Out of God's hand by every sea and shore
Whereon the golden stars of hope can gleam,
Whereon the bitter rains of grief can pour,
Shall men still follow the fair fleeting dream
Till the day dawns when they can dream no more.

The Tryst

I.

THIS is the place—yes, surely the same place:
Under these trees do not the violets blow
White as the soul that loved them long ago
Where she kneeled down to let them kiss her face?
Do not the same thick branches interlace
Their leaves above to shut away the glow
Of moonlight? And breathes not the same wind
low
From the same far-off, star-encinctured space?
Here was the promise made and here I keep
The tryst. Torn from the whirling years
Of triumph and laughter, shame and scorn and
tears,
I have brought my life back where the violets
sleep,—
Life bitter with sorrow,—broken past faiths and
fears,
To lay my face down in her flowers and weep.

II.

Weep on. She will not know, she cannot hear
The pulses of a grieving heart that wet
Her violets with the tears of vain regret;
She has found flowers and tears and skies more
dear
Than those shrined in the memories garnered here:

Her promise is forgotten. Ah, no, no—for yet
I hear, though other lips be dumb or hearts
forget.—

The footsteps of one true soul drawing near!

O, in this very place this hour she stands
Beside me, lifting up her face to tell
How the old promise is remembered well:
Her wraith has come back from the far, sad lands
To lay on mine her mouth ineffable
And in my hands the pulses of her hands.

III.

Sweetheart! Sweet, patient heart that suffered so
Because of the wild grief that wrenched my own
Sweet face whose piteous fairness now has grown
Into life's tenderest memory, I know
That never for you and me will violets blow
Again, or ever summer skies be sown
With stars that I may watch through soft hair
blown

Across my face. Fate wills that I should go

Without you to the end. But, O, it seems
There is no power can sever souls that knew
Once,—nay, once only—how love can be true;
Ours knew it in this golden light that streams
Out of heaven's heart,—that glitters through these
dreams

Here down among the violets with you.

On the Tenth Floor

VAIN longings for the green fields and the sea,
For the old sense of loneliness and peace,
Come amid City sounds that never cease—
Tumult of trade and traffic under me.
High overhead the sweet, keen, windless day,—
Air clear and pure and sky without a stain:—
Beneath, the ebb and flow of loss and gain
Amid the unending clangor of Broadway.

Here between peace above and strife below,
My soul is like a captive bird whose wings
Beat time to the disconsolate song it sings,
Whose sadness only prisoned souls can know,—
Wild with desire for unattainable things,
And chief of these is to take flight and go.

Foreshadowings

YOU laugh me down with light and pitying scorn
Because I cannot let one sorrow pass:
You think the air too summer-sweet, the grass
Too green and fresh, the roseate wind-stirred morn
Too golden with the light of joy new-born
For grief to cloud the soul's translucent glass
With breath of bitter lips that cry: "Alas!
Where have the old days and the old hopes gone?"

Ah, sweet, I am no prophet of evil,—yet
I know a day will come at time's sure call
When you, O radiant mocker at regret,
Will cry, as from your hand love's flowers fall,
While those divine eyes, shadowless now, grow wet:
"I know at last,—I understand it all!"

At the Sunrise Watch

THROUGH the still hush of the night
Where the far, white star-beams burn,
Up toward their fading light
In the last dim watch I yearn;
All earth's dreams are dead in me,
As long since earth's hopes have died;
"Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be."

As the shadows pass away,—
As the long, sad vigils cease,
Through the gateways of the day
Lift me to Thy perfect peace;
Wash me by Thy sunrise sea
Pure in Calvary's flowing tide:
"Strip me of the robe of pride
Clothe me with humility."

Other faiths have failed me here:
Other friends have passed me by:
Now I turn toward the sphere
Where one friendship will not die,—
From this soul's Gethsemane
With all passions crucified:
"Lord, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be."

Within the Port

WE have flung the oars ashore and the voyage
is ended:

We have anchored the boat to toss on the tide
no more;

Blown into the port at last by the favoring winds
befriended,

We have flung the oars ashore.

Far from the cruel storm-wrack, far from the
breakers' roar,

We rest in the long-sought haven from the angry
sea defended:

We have found the peace of the waters wild
winds never wander o'er.

Ah well, but the seas were grand and the skies
were splendid

As we watched the waves run white and the rain
and lightning pour!

Farewell now unto the ways and waters through
which we wended—

We have flung the oars ashore.

